

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

CONVICT AND THE BIRD

Written and Composed by Paul Dresser.

Copyrighted 1888, by Willis Woodward & Co., New York.

Music of this song sent on receipt of 50 cts. in 1 or 2 ct. stamps, by
A. W. Auner, Tenth & Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

A convict sat in a prison cell, doom'd all the days of his life;
And his thoughts went out to the ones he loved, to his home, to
his babe and wife;
A songster lit on his window sill, and the poor soul's heart was stirred.
For he seemed to sing of the days gone by, to the convict sang the
bird.
He seemed to sing of the sunshine, he seemed to sing of the clouds,
He seemed to sing of prosperity, and of poverty's sombre shrouds;
He seemed to sing of freedom in the sky near the sun's bright ray,
And as he brought to his eyes the tears, the bird it flew away

CHORUS.

Come to me each day, come to me, I pray;
Thou messenger of freedom, come to me;
Let me hear each note that bubbles from thy throat,
The convict like the bird would fain be free.

The bird he came to sing his song at dusk on a Summer's day,
And the poor thing chirped in loneliness, for no convict heard his lay;
He sang his notes so plaintively, too sad for tongue to tell,
And at early morn the faithful bird lay dead within the convicts cell,
He sang no more of the sunshine, he sang no more of the clouds,
He sang no more of prosperity, nor of poverty's sombre shrouds;
He sang no more of freedom in the sky near the sun's bright ray,
And as he finished his song, the faithful bird it passed away.

CHORUS.

He came no more they say, he came no more each day,
The messenger of freedom none could see;
Silent was the cell, as if by magic spell,
The convict like the bird again was free.

A. W. AUNER'S
CARD & JOB PRINTING ROOMS